Show Me How by BigBadLittleRed

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Summary:

(Someone on Tumblr prompted : "Ok I loved spin the bottle fic but can we get Steve teaching Jonathan how to kiss? Inspired by the scene in the trailer for As You Are.")

Jonathan has never kissed anyone before, Steve wants to help.

Show Me How

“Twelve years old?” Jonathan demands, seemingly outraged by the statement. Steve laughs and rolls over onto his stomach on the bed. He allows one arm to hang over Jonathan’s chest and tucks the other under the pillow he’s resting on, turning his head to look at the younger boy.

“Yeah, twelve... Wendy Beckman.” He informs Jonathan with a small smile. “She pulled me behind the bleachers after school and kissed me, best day of my young life.” He elaborates with a soft chuckle, staring at Jonathan’s almost blank expression. “Not all of us are Casanova’s though, most kids were kissing at fourteen and fifteen. What about you?” He questions, Jonathan glances away and makes a slightly indecisive noise.

There’s a moment of quiet, Jonathan stares over at Steve’s bookshelf with his lips curved down in a small frown.

“I’ve... I’ve never kissed anyone..” He admits quietly, and Steve is both shocked and kind of sad at the realization. Kissing was great, it was the basic core of Steve’s happiness, he loved kissing. Of course it wasn’t the best thing for everyone, but c’mon, it was really nice!

Of course, Jonathan never really had any friends, let alone suitors. It made his heart ache for the younger boy, who had suffered so many injustices over the years that it just didn’t seem fair.

“Well... You’re still young, it’s not the end of the world.” He comforts weakly, patting Jonathan’s chest and offering a small smile when the young man looks at him.

“Is it.... I mean, like is there a trick to it?” Jonathan asks

hesitantly, and Steve feels like one of those cartoons where the lightbulb flickers to life over their head.

"I got it!" He sits up, Jonathan looks alarmed at his sudden energy, but stays very still. It was a testament to how close they had become, Jonathan tended to flinch around him in the beginning, like he was expecting to be hit. Perhaps that was just a reflex ingrained into him about Steve, or maybe it happened around other people too... But Steve didn't like to think about that, it made him even sadder.

"Got what?" Jonathan asks in confusion, Steve smiles at him.

"I'm gonna teach you how to kiss." He whispers, Jonathan's eyes manage to widen even more.

"Teach me?" He practically squeaks, sitting up frantically. "How does that even work?" He demands, eyebrows furrowing together in that frustrated sort of expression that frequented his face so much. Steve reaches out and presses his fingers down on the wrinkles in his forehead.

"Stop making that face, Byers, it'll stick like that." He promises, Jonathan swats his hand away with a scoff. "I mean we can practice, together! I'll teach you how to kiss, so when the time comes you don't have to worry about messing up." He grabs at Jonathan's wrist, who smacks him away again.

"That's a stupid idea." He declares, Steve paws at him in an attempt to annoy him into submission.

"C'mon, I'm not that ugly, man! I use chap stick, my lips are really soft." He argues, grabbing Jonathan's hand. "Look, feel."

Jonathan looks a little more amused when he pulls away this time.

“You’re just gonna make fun of me.” He grumbles, crossing his arms tight to keep them out of Steve’s reach. Steve shakes his head and scoots closer, bouncing a little like an eager puppy.

“I won’t, I promise. It’s a learning experience, of course you’re gonna be bad at it! But you’ll be learning from the master!” He gestures to himself grandly, Jonathan rolls his eyes with a snort.

“Why would you wanna kiss me, anyway?” Jonathan demands, eyes on the bedspread.

“Well I wouldn’t just kiss anyone!” Jonathan gives him a look that says he thinks otherwise, but he simply swats at him and continues. “I wouldn’t.” He says sternly, and Jonathan rolls his shoulders with a sigh. “If you don’t want to, then we won’t.... But the offer stands.” He shrugs, sinking back onto his bottom and crossing his legs.

They’re quiet for a moment, and Jonathan is staring intensely at the bed beneath them.

“Should I brush my teeth?” He asks suddenly, Steve pumps his fist in victory and grins.

“Yeah, sure. We’ll both do it.” He agrees.

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After getting prepared, Steve sits down on the bed again and

pats the space across from him when Jonathan steps into the room. The younger closes the door and shuffles over with his head ducked, shy and awkward as usual.

"Okay, now what." Jonathan says rather bluntly after crawling onto the bed and getting into position, Steve smiles at him and scoots closer.

"Well everyone usually starts with little stuff. The kisses you get after a first date or that your junior high crush gives you." He takes Jonathan's hand gently, settling their clasped palms on their crossed legs and giving him a serious look. "If you ever want to stop or you need a break, squeeze my hand." He tells him quietly, watching Jonathan's eyes go soft in response.

"Okay," He murmurs, and Steve gives him another few seconds before leaning forward and pressing their lips together. Jonathan's mouth is still, almost like kissing a statue, Steve muffles a laugh and pulls back. "Sorry," He looks absolutely humiliated, but Steve shakes his head.

"No, no it's fine." He assures, reaching up with his free hand and grasping Jonathan's jaw gently. "Just press your lips together a little, like this." He purses his lips, Jonathan stares at them for a second before imitating the gesture. They kiss again, it feels a little more natural this time. They pull back, Jonathan is red in the cheeks and smiling gently. "Good, better." He praises gently.

"I feel stupid," Jonathan tells him quietly, Steve shakes his head once more.

"Everyone feels stupid at first, it takes practice." He says, sure of himself. "Try kissing me, not everyone is gonna kiss you first." He explains, Jonathan nods and leans forward to press his lips to Steve's.

It's soft and sweet, something so very Jonathan. "Good, that's good." He smiles when Jonathan moves away.

"I don't have to do anything with my hands, right?" Jonathan questions warily, Steve shakes his head.

"No, not yet. That's for more intimate stuff... Like those couple kisses, wanna try?" He asks, Jonathan nods. "Okay, now this is where it starts getting a little more difficult. Because there's a difference between beginning couple kissing and French kissing." He tries to explain, enjoying the way Jonathan's eyes squint in confusion.

He places his hand on Jonathan's cheek, smoothing a thumb along his jawline. He leans in and locks their lips, putting the slightest pressure against his jaw to coax his mouth open. Their teeth clack together, Steve pulls back with a smile as Jonathan groans in embarrassment.

"It's okay, Warren Hall did that to me freshman year." He promises, and Jonathan looks stunned.

"You've... Kissed guys before??" He asks cautiously, Steve nods. "Like for fun?"

"Well yeah, man... I don't discriminate." He shrugs, Jonathan blinks a few times before wiping at his bottom lip gently.

"Oh..." He whispers, and for a moment Steve thinks he might bolt. "Show me again," He insists, and Steve smiles into the next kiss. They had a long way to go, but Steve had no problem in taking it slow.

Note to self: Buy more chap stick this afternoon. The cherry kind.